

## The King of the Hill

By Christopher G. Hazard

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE long hill glistened in the winter moonlight like a frosted cake. The road that ran down it like a silvered ribbon, reaching across the railroad track and on through the valley, lost itself in a shimmering haze of snowy whiteness. The wind, as if afraid of awakening the sleeping town, had hushed itself into stillness, waiting along the way and under the shadows of the quiet trees for the signal of dawn. The scene was an invitation to a sport now largely displaced by rushing motor cars, but then one of the chief delights of the Christmas season. The bobsleds of those days and nights was the pride of owners and the prize winner of competitions. The annals of the Slater Hill race course registered triumphs as real and momentous as those of any race track.

The moon had watched with an expectant eye until ten of the clock and was about to retire under a passing cloud in disappointment, when the clamor and shouting of an approaching crowd renewed its spirit. From a side street they came, merry lads and lasses, with those of later years who had not forgotten how to be young. Soon the head of the hill was crowded with competitors and the air rang with the bustling preparations for the first race.

The sleds of that time were no ordinary affairs. Large enough to hold from four to six passengers, they rejoiced in significant titles and all the beauty and comfort that their maker's art could put into shape, paint and upholstery. When loaded and on a steep and icy road they were swift enough to distance the wind, and, uncontrolled by bit and bridle, they could not be stopped before reaching the foot of the incline. There was thus enough of adventure in their trips to furnish the tingling excitement that kept out the winter cold. The good-natured rivalry, too, gave interest to the sport.

This year there was a special reason for the gathering, for Tom Atkins, having received a Christmas present of a sled of the latest style and named



Competing Sleds Dashed Away.

"The King of the Hill," had been boasting that the title was a just one and arousing all the determination that the others had to prove him wrong. The "Dart," the "Racer," the "Dauntless," the "Peerless," and others as glorious were eager to beat the untried and vaunting newcomer.

The first race was inconclusive, for Atkins got a false start and tipped his load over into a snow bank. The second and the third races gave the laurels to the "Dart" and the "Peerless," respectively, and left Atkins' heart in his boots; but the fourth attempt ended with "The King of the Hill" a rod ahead and with its owner's chin protruding and uplifted. Then time went by with varying fortunes until the concluding and deciding contest. It was agreed that the winner of this final should be crowned the king of the hill indeed, with none to dispute his right.

Amid the hubbub of these last arrangements no one had heard the distant whistle of "The Flyer," as the night express for Boston was called, and the competing sleds dashed away down the long descent without a thought of danger, nor, until half way down, did any danger appear, but then the locomotive's headlight flashed around the curve and upon the crossing, now but a short distance away, with a baleful and threatening glare. The other sleds, somewhat in the rear, were steered into the roadside snow or left to take care of themselves as their riders rolled off, but "The King of the Hill" kept on, in seeming ignorance of the imminent collision. Not until the warning blasts

of the engine whistle seemed to startle him into action did Atkins move to save himself and his load. Then, with a wrench of his steering gear and a sturdy leg-sweep, he brought his sled about, throwing it over upon its side and upon its frightened load as the train swept by, almost brushing them on its way.

It was what the barber called "a close shave," and what Atkins called "as good as a mile," but the boys called it a victory and rode Atkins home on "The King of the Hill" with their full endorsement of the title.

The old hill is still there. It glitters yet in Christmas moonlights. But the boys and girls of the bobsled time have grown old, the later generation has new toys, and the glorious fun of Slater's Hill is but a memory. A pleasant memory it is, though, and that is a brave, bright spot in it that registers the night when Tom Atkins got a double scope in beating both the racers and the train on his "King of the Hill."

## Tell Me Again

TELL me again the story

That you told when we both were young  
You were my prince in glory,  
A prince with a golden tongue,  
And the touch of your hand was thrilling,  
The fact that you lived was joy—  
But I was only a girl then, dear,  
And you were only a boy.

Tell me, the way you told me  
When our love was the song of spring  
Hold me, as you would hold me  
When our love was a sacred thing  
Let the silver that's in your hair, love,  
Be jet, as it used to be  
When I was so new to carousals  
And you were so great to me!

Here by the fireside sitting,  
As the pictures in flames run by,  
Sweet be the moments fitting,  
And children, just you and I  
For the love of our age is richer,  
And yet—I would feel the joy  
Of the love that was only a girl's, dear,  
For her prince, who was only a boy.  
—Henry Edward Warner, in the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

—The Rescue Ambulance films have been permanently scrapped. The Paramount management decided it would be unprofitable to release the films.

## The First Christmas

By Nannie J. Kroch, in the Wisconsin Farmer

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Clangs the heavy, deep-toned bell, And all the world gives back the answer: Christ is born, and all is well."

OVER nineteen hundred years ago there lived in the little town of Nazareth a humble carpenter and his wife, Mary.

At this time the ruler of the Roman empire, Augustus Caesar, required all persons to pay taxes for the upkeep of the kingdom. Joseph was a descendant of King David. Although he was living in Galilee, the law required him to go to Bethlehem in Judea to pay his taxes.

When it was time to pay the tribute, Joseph took Mary with him on the journey to Bethlehem. It was a tiresome journey. They were very weary when they reached the little town. Joseph went to the hotel to get a room where they could rest. But poor Joseph was disappointed, for so many other people had come to the little town that day the rooms were all taken. No doubt Joseph and Mary felt lonely and discouraged as night came on. At last they went to a stable to find a place to sleep. Here in a manger the Savior of the World was born.

This was a very lowly place indeed for the Prince of Peace to be born. Prophets had been foretelling his coming for many years. People were expecting him to come, but in some very grand way. Some thought he would make the kings leave their thrones and himself be the ruler. But he came as a sweet, dear little babe.

Now, you wonder how the people heard of his birth, in those long, long ago days when there were no telegraphs or telephones? Perhaps you think so important news as this would be announced publicly by the highest officials or the richest people in town and a holiday declared.

But not so. The first news of his birth was told to people engaged in a very humble and lowly work.

Methods it must have been a beautiful warm night. Far out on the hills of old Judea the shepherds were herd-

ing their sheep. No doubt they were talking together about the big crowd in Bethlehem that evening. Suddenly there appeared in the sky a bright light. The shepherds were afraid. An angel spoke to them and said, "Be not afraid; I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." Then he told them that Jesus had been born in Bethlehem; that they would find him, a babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger with his mother, Mary.

Suddenly there appeared with the angel a host of other angels singing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men."

After the angels were gone the shepherds talked over the wondrous news. Then they hurried away to Bethlehem to see if it was true. Sure enough, there were Mary and Joseph and the little babe, Jesus. They then went out

to tell others.

God also told the news of his gift to the world by placing a new star in the sky. The wise men saw it and followed its shining rays until they, too, found the "Babe of Bethlehem." These wise men worshiped him and gave him gifts of gold, myrrh and frankincense.

This was the first Christmas.

A new gold strike has been made on Hills Bar Creek, in the Hope District, British Columbia, consisting of three quartz vein outcroppings in the creek, varying in width from four to fifteen feet and for more than a mile showing free gold with a little chalcopyrite. Samples run as high as \$1,300 a ton the average values for the three outcroppings run close to \$25 a ton in gold.

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YORK, S. C.  
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B. M. NIVENS, Manager

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Four Room House—And small store building, on lot 38x60 feet fronting on Main street, Clover, near the postoffice. One-third cash and balance on 7 percent credit.  
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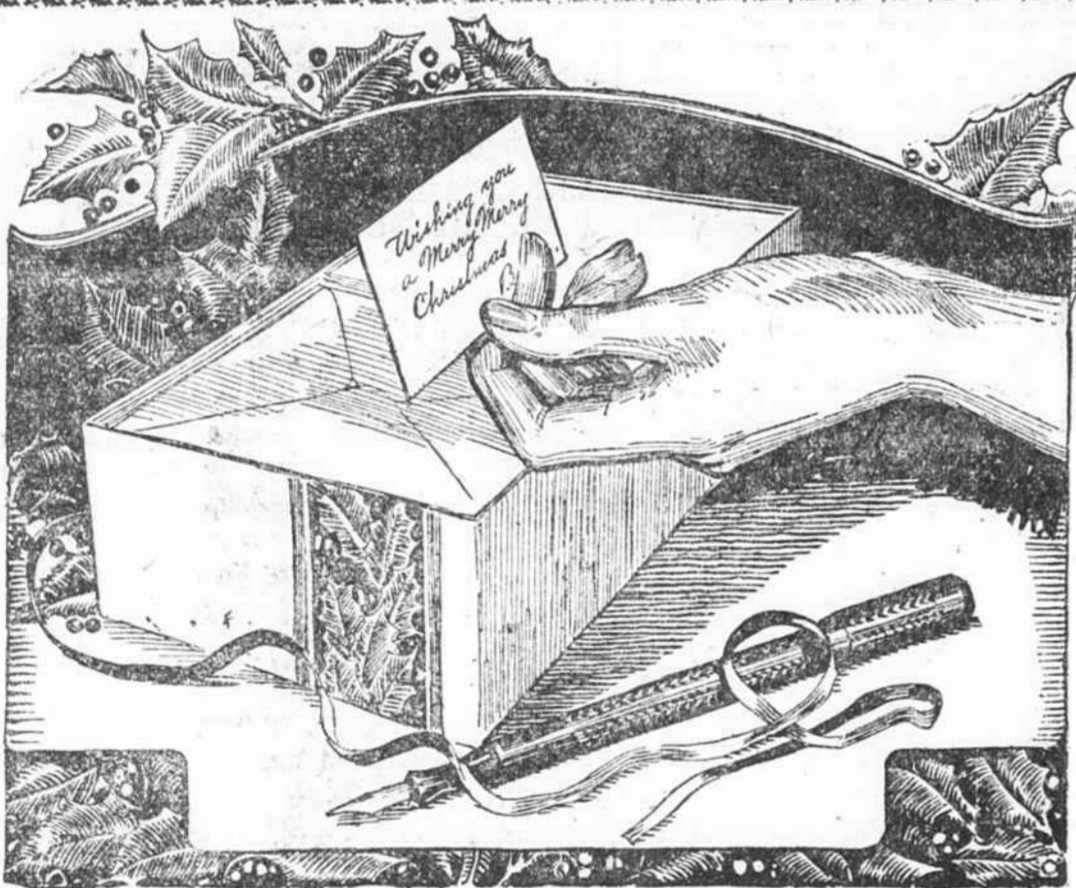
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### WE HANDLE NORRIS CANDIES—

And we have many beautiful and attractive Christmas boxes—Just the kind that will please her most. The boxes come from 50 Cts. to \$10 each. Ask for Norris—Take no other—None other quite so good.

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